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OCTOBER, 1947

The Liberalist

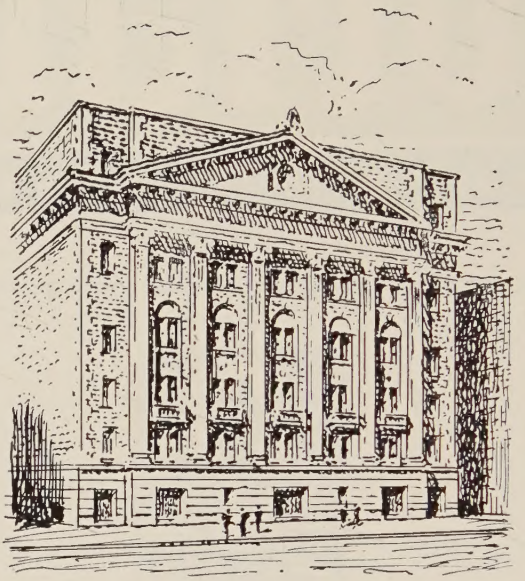
PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

The World

O Earth! Thou hast not any wind that blows
Which is not music; every weed of thine
Pressed rightly flows in aromatic wine;
And every humble hedgerow flower that grows,
And every little brown bird that doth sing,
Hath something greater than itself, and bears
A living Word to every living thing,
Albeit it holds the Message unawares.
All shapes and sounds have something which is not
Of them: a Spirit broods amid the grass;
Vague outlines of the Everlasting Thought
Lie in the melting shadows as they pass;
The touch of an Eternal Presence thrills
The fringes of the sunsets and the hills.

Richard Realf

(From "Poems for Life"
Anthology by Thomas Curtis Clark)



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXIV **October, 1947** *Number 7*

The Salutation of Dawn

Listen to the Exhortation of the Dawn!
Look to this Day!
For it is Life, the very Life of Life.
In its brief course lie all the
Verities and Realities of your Existence;
The Bliss of Growth,
The Glory of Action,
The Splendor of Beauty;
For Yesterday is but a Dream,
And Tomorrow is only a Vision;
But Today well lived makes every
Yesterday a Dream of Happiness, and every
Tomorrow a Vision of Hope.
Look well therefore to this Day!
Such is the Salutation of the Dawn.

From the Sanskrit

(From "Silver Linings"
collected by Morris and Adams)

The Good, the True, the Beautiful

Our Only Creed

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

36th Year

Sunday Morning Service.....11:00 o'clock
Broadcast by WJJD

Church School of Religious Education, Sunday morning.. 9:30 o'clock

Opening of Sunday Evening Services—November 2nd

Opening of Book Lecture Season—November 5th

DR. BRADLEY ON THE AIR

WGN—Every evening at 6:00 o'clock, Monday through Friday.

WJJD—Every Sunday morning at 11:00 o'clock, the entire Sunday morning service of The Peoples Church is broadcast from 11:00 to 12:30 o'clock.

"PART OF THE ANSWER"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
September 14, 1947

A WEEK ago this morning, Mrs. Bradley and I sat in the congregation of the Wesley United Church in Canada in the city of Fort William, Ontario. The minister was observing the first Sunday after his vacation. I was very much interested in his introductory remarks. He had been down to Montreal to visit his old college, Queen's University, and his parents, and had driven back through Canada entering the United States at Port Huron across from Sarnia, then driving straight up through the heart of Michigan, which is an experience for anybody, and crossing part of Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and across into Duluth, Minnesota, and then up that lovely north shore of Lake Superior back to Fort William. He had not been in the church very long, I think, for he is a comparatively young man. I have preached in St. Ignatius Church in Fort William, and I was very anxious to attend a service in as complete and perfect anonymity as I could possibly do. I did not want anyone to know I was a preacher. The choir came out pretty much as ours did this morning and very soon the minister came into the pulpit. Well, there was such a sympathetic bond of complete understanding between that man and myself, that my first impulse, which I did not obey, I assure you, because I did not want an Alienist Commission of the Canadian Government to make it impossible for me to get out of Canada . . . but my first inclination was to get out of my seat, walk right up in the pulpit, take his hand and say to him: 'Now, don't you worry too much about this, you will get through it." He was obviously nervous, almost as nervous as I am this morning. He had been away on a holiday and I could see, while he had a great deal of poise (those Canadian preachers all do, they are superb preachers, fine scholars, good theologians) but I could see that he was obviously laboring. Unless you have been a preacher you do not know what it means to "labor" with a congregation. He had a good sermon, fine ideas, splendid; but I could see the glow of relief in his face after it was over and he sat down. I said to myself, "Well, I have to go through that same thing next Sunday." I think of all the times that I preach in this pulpit, this opening sermon is the most difficult. The expectancy is so great. You have come here by the hundreds this morning and you are all sitting there and you are saying to me, "Well, I wonder what the summer did to Doctor Bradley?" and you are saying, "I wonder what he is going to say now?" The expectancy is so great, and no minister, no speaker, ever likes to let an audience down. He just wants to give everything of his mind, soul and heart and not let the people down, and yet it is the hardest experience I have. My amplifying engineer in my vestry just off the pulpit, before I came into the pulpit this morning, said to me, "How do you feel?" "Well," I said, "can you imagine one million, two hundred thirty-six thousand, four hundred fifty-eight butterflies all inside you? Well," I said, "that's just the way I feel this morning."

I hope you were privileged, all of you, to have a little vacation this summer, time for some sort of relaxation—

I hope you did. I am very grateful, and it is on the note of gratitude that I would want my first sentence to hang this morning, that I have been privileged to have the companionship of the beauty and the cleansing power of the out-of-doors these past two months. I have lived among great, towering pine trees, so high that when in the dark they were silhouetted against the sky at night they seemed to really part the stars. And I have lived with birds and the little denizens of the forest and field. I watched a veery build its nest on our porch in an ivy vine, and go in and out, in and out building it, and then caring for her young, and I watched them fly away. A little song sparrow in a windowbox had its nest too. And moonlight nights, and above all the quiet, the QUIET, until sometimes at the end of the trail to a little lake it would seem impossible to me that I was living in the kind of a world I am, it was all so different. Then as the weeks came on, the pressure, the imperative, constant motivation, a world chaotic, crashing, breaking! Hunger—half of the world facing its most treacherous winter! Thousands of homeless, hungry people everywhere, nervous, jittery, touchy, all reacting to the great environment of a globe, with no one immune, with no one exempt, none of us. Diplomats, statesmen, hesitant, cautious, while over it all, as far as our nation is concerned, hangs the ghastly implications of a great political storm that would center around the year 1948, while great manifestations of brute self-interests increase in the fury of their propaganda, while the nobility of imperishable ideals of peace and hope and love are mutilated and seared by the self-interest of nations and individuals, and in and through it all the impossibility of describing the gnawing uncertainty that some fool somewhere might, out of a clear sky, let loose an atom bomb!

I said, "There is work to be done; vacations are over and the recuperation of body and soul that has come through contact with the things of Nature have had their influence. Now you must go back, back to your microphones, your audiences, your pulpit, and you must strike the note, no matter how repetitious it may appear, and it must be done fearlessly and courageously. You must tell them that the world has had nineteen civilizations and fifteen of them are dead, covered by the debris of man's fear to do what man ought to do when he ought to do it, and there are but four left." It is all we have left, four. One of them is our western civilization, and our western civilization is sick. It is sicker than it has ever been in the history of mankind, ill, *ILL!* Poverty, disease, provincialisms, pride, *PRIDE!* Sometimes I think pride must be the unforgivable sin, glorying in what we have, devoted to the security of our own permanency, impervious to the haunting cries from the hearts of haunted, starving, homeless people!

On LaSalle Street is the Church of the Ascension. I never go down LaSalle Street, that I don't look at that Church, for hanging there on the church is the replica of a murdered man—Jesus, and underneath it is written this: "Is it nothing to you who pass by?" That is a little memory picture world; every good, beautiful, true, lovely, honorable thing, was on its way to Calvary. Is it nothing to you, is it not, that a world is breaking?

This week, on Tuesday, there will assemble the Assembly of the United Nations, and it may be that this very week will determine the future of what may be man's last effort to build a decent world for a thousand years! It may be that selfishness will win, that jealousy will triumph, that the war

mongers and the extreme militarists and international financiers, the world cartel interests . . . it may be that they will do it all again. The possibility is there. The propaganda is obvious. People are responding—doing it all over again—it may be.

IT NEED NOT BE IF THE PEOPLE SPEAK! Nobody can tell me that the Communist-Soviet Government of Russia is synonymous with the people of Russia! And there need be no war with Russia! *THERE NEED NOT BE!* Nobody can tell me that the people of Austria, of Hungary, of Yugoslavia, and Czechoslovakia, and all other countries of the world, including Japan and Germany—nobody can tell me that the people of this world want anything more to do with the institution that has brought the world to the lowest ebb of economic and industrial sanity that the world has ever known, namely: the institution of war! Nobody can tell me that. We don't want it. Europe is an economic vacuum! The United States is rapidly becoming so! There is no end in view, nothing in sight!

What has done it? What has happened to the howling economists who were directly influenced by the most powerful vested interests in the nation, and who said that to solve our economic problem we should wipe out all control of prices, of labor, or anything else? What has happened to your argument now? What has happened to it? Grain, labor, money, and you cannot make your economy work, and you cannot produce powerful leadership in the field of international concord that would represent the best interests of civilization, instead of the best interests of the few? But you can, and there is an answer, and there is a part of an answer—*PEOPLE CAN SPEAK*—and I am not so sure but what the people will speak. I am not so sure but what there will arise voices of power and strength and beauty that will be divinely touched by the magnificent and imperishable ethics of brotherhood! Voices that will die, die in a concentration camp before they will surrender. The people of the world will speak. It may not be the whole answer, but it is a part of the answer—they will speak.

What happened in the story I read to you in the first reading this morning? Do you remember the slavery of the children of Israel? You remember the leadership of Moses. Do you remember the way and the journey? Then do you remember the impatience of those who had so recently been slaves, and they said, "Moses has taken the long way, we want a short cut, we cannot wait for this promised land that will come in the far off, distant tomorrow. Aaron, build us an idol now, build us an idol now." Aaron built it, it was made of gold. What a great prophecy it was: built out of gold. And they fell down and worshipped it. When the great Leader saw the prostitution of the people his heart was touched with sympathy for their mistakes and he said, "I will make atonement," but there is a way, there is a way and an angel to brighten the way. That's the business of the angel, and there are angels today brightening the way. There is the way, there's the objective, and now go, Go!

The words of my subject this morning were suggested to me by one of the most inspiring personalities in the American pulpit, the Reverend Peter Marshall, minister of that great New York Avenue Church in the City of Washington. Peter Marshall is now chaplain of the United States Senate. The Democrats did not want him, but there was not much they could do about it at the time he was selected, but they have a new kind of chaplain in the Congress. First: his prayers

have a reputation of being the shortest prayers that they have ever listened to, and that helps a little. Peter Marshall has been giving some prayers that have stopped the members of the Congress.

Heretofore, the chaplain was a sort of necessary evil, just a tradition, and when the President of the Senate, and Speaker of the House, struck their gavels and announced, "The chaplain will now offer a prayer," nobody paid much attention to it, including God. It was just another tradition. But when Peter Marshall came it was different. You might be interested to know that of the 54 chaplains to serve the Senate, 15 have been Episcopalians, 16 Methodists, 11 Presbyterians, 6 Baptists, 2 Unitarians, and one each have been Lutheran, Catholic, and Congregational clergymen.

Now, I want to quote you two or three of Peter Marshall's prayers. In connection with the chaplain of our Senate you remember, of course, the classic story of Edward Everett Hale when he was chaplain of the Senate. He was the man who wrote that classic "The Man Without a Country." He was a Unitarian minister, a great, rugged personality like an oak. Edward Everett Hale was asked one time, "When you go to the Senate as chaplain, what do you pray about?" And Doctor Hale, with his rough, brusque masculinity, turned to his inquirer and said, "I will tell you. I go up to the Senate, I walk up to the President's desk, I am introduced by the President of the Senate to pray, I get up, I take one look at the Senate, and then I pray for the people of the United States." That's a little bit like Peter Marshall. Here is one of his prayers—you will remember that he had some heated arguments, and quite recently, and the matter got around to the university, and the following noon he opened the session with this prayer:

"We are all too familiar with dirty looks, scornful looks, unbelieving looks and black looks. Give us, O Lord God, discerning and understanding looks with the truth waiting to be looked at, discovered and applied. Forgive us when we refuse to look at it or welcome it."

"We know, our Father, that there is a time to speak and a time to keep silent. Help us to tell one from the other. When we speak give us the courage of our convictions; when we shall keep silent, restrain us from speaking lest in our desire to appear wise we give ourselves away."

Here's an extract from another (during the recent filibuster):

"Let us have less talking and more thinking, less words and more worship, less pressure and more prayer."

Here is the one I like particularly:

"Save us from the sin of worrying lest stomach ulcers be the badge of our lack of faith. When we have the truth let us not hit each other over the head with it, but rather use it as a lamp of light in the dark places. Cabbages have heads, not souls. We need to remember there is no party in integrity, and no politics in goodness."

And from one of the prayers I got the idea of what I shall conclude with today. He said this:

"O Lord, we have prayed and prayed that Thou wilt do this, and Thou wilt do that. O Lord, make us realize that we too are part of the answer."

That puts it where it belongs, the responsibility, down deep into your life and into mine: we are a part of the answer, and from this pulpit there will never be, I hope, one word ever uttered, one sentence ever used, during the year which we face together, which will destroy the inner confidence and faith in the potentiality of man to create a world patterned after the Kingdom. The United Nations may fail, war may

be upon us in six months, tragedy in our economic and industrial life might increase and develop, the heavens might shake, the earth tremble, but in the soul and spirit of man there is kinship with the eternity of God, and the peoples of the world have within them the power to bring down to ignominy and shame every traitor in the field of politics, every selfish, greedy, grasping soul who puts profit before service to his fellowmen! They will not have the last word! We were made for the Kingdom and we shall not rest until we enter the portals! Be assured of that! It will be done! The youth, the old men, who have been the victims and sufferers through the tragedy of the past 50 and 60 years, they will join ranks, and the demagogues and totalitarians, the liars, who have been deceiving the peoples of the world because they have had the power and the control to do it, will not find it easy this time!

The saddest comment I have heard on what would be the inevitable result did we fail—I shall state it without comment. It will require some thinking, perhaps. Think it through this afternoon, or tomorrow, and when those things which create hatreds of races and nations and religions arise, think about where that hatred will take us. Think about it! You must think about it, *YOU MUST!* You might not want to, you might not like it, but *YOU MUST!* The saddest thing I have heard during it all, one of the greatest minds in the western world, said it. He comes from a race that has had nothing but 6,000 years of agony. He has the soul of a poet, the mind of the scientist, the heart of a saint, Doctor Einstein. The other day, a fine example of present day university personnel of Princeton, a young man facing this kind of a world, went to Doctor Einstein and said to him: "Doctor Einstein, can you tell me what kind of instruments will be used in World War III?" Doctor Einstein was silent; it is said he closed his eyes; there were a few moments of silence, then he turned to the young man and said to him: "My young friend, I do not know what kind of instruments will be used in World War III, but I do know what kind of instruments will be used in World War IV." The young man was startled, he turned to him and said, "Doctor Einstein, what?" Doctor Einstein replied, "Stone spears." Think that through.

LIVE AND HELP LIVE

EDWIN MARKHAM

"Live and let live!" was the call of the Old—
The call of the world when the world was cold—
The call of men when they pulled apart—
The call of the race with a chill on the heart.
But "Live and help live!" is the cry of the New—
The cry of the world with the dream shining through—
The cry of the Brother World rising to birth—
The cry of the Christ for a Comrade-like earth.

From Thomas Curtis Clarks' "1000 Quotable Poems."

Your Bazaar!!!

Have you thought about it?

If you don't know what to do for this Bazaar of yours, ask Mrs. A. S. Kredler, president of the Woman's Club, who is General Chairman of the Bazaar and head of the Bazaar Committee.

If you belong to one of the organizations of the church, speak to your Club President.

THERE ARE ONLY TWO MONTHS LEFT IN WHICH TO DO WHATEVER YOU ARE GOING TO DO.

DATE OF THE BAZAAR—DECEMBER 4th and 5th.

Thinking and planning must precede action. Now is the time to think!

Bazaar Committee.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D.....Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY.....Associate Editor
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY.....Assistant to the Editor
MAY H. HARRISON.....Business Manager

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EDITORIAL

RULES are laid down for so many things, so why not some rules for getting the best results from church going?

First:—Go regularly to church. A prescription designed by a physician to be taken at regular intervals is not effective if taken once a year. . . .

Second:—Let us think of Church-going as an art, with definite rules to follow; an art anyone can acquire. . . .

Third:—Spend a quiet Saturday evening and get a good sleep. Get in condition for Sunday. . . .

Fourth:—Go in a relaxed state of body and mind. Don't rush to church. Go in a leisurely manner. The absence of tension is a requisite to successful worship. . . .

Fifth:—Go in a spirit of enjoyment. Church is not a place of gloom. Christianity is a radiant and happy thing. Religion should be enjoyed. . . .

Sixth:—Sit relaxed in the pew, feet on the floor, hands loosely in lap or at the side. Allow the body to yield to the contour of the pew. Don't sit rigid. God's grace cannot get through to your personality through a tied-up body and mind. . . .

Seventh:—Don't bring a problem to church. Think hard during the week, but let the problem "simmer" in the mind over Sunday. God's peace brings creative energy to help the intellectual process. You will receive insight to solve your problem. . . .

Eighth:—Do not bring ill will to church. A grudge blocks the flow of spiritual power. To cast out ill will, pray in church for those you do not like or who dislike you. . . .

Ninth:—Practice the art of spiritual contemplation. In church do not think about yourself. Think about God. Think of some beautiful and peaceful thing, perhaps even of the stream where you fished this summer. The idea is to get mentally away from the world, into an atmosphere of peace and refreshment. . . .

Tenth:—Go to church expecting some great thing to happen to you. Believe that a church service is the creation of an atmosphere in which a spiritual miracle can take place. Men's lives have been changed in church through faith in Christ. Believe it should and can happen to you.

P.B.

INSPIRATION IS A TWO-WAY SERVICE

SOME time ago I was addressing a group of interesting people and had chosen for my subject, "Tolerance Is A Two-Way Street," and the subject can be developed very interestingly. The other evening I started going through a huge pile of radio mail, and as I read letter after letter, I became so interested that the time flew by, and finally, reluctantly I was forced to give up what was becoming an inspiring pleasure, for I had an engagement which was calling me from my desk. But as I went, I thought, "Well, inspiration is a two-way service, just as Tolerence is a Two-Way Street." For I try to be inspiring in all my work, whether it is by way of radio or before a visible audience and when I read your generous mail response, I feel the inspiration flooding back to me from your fine letters. And even the difficult problems you so often bring to my attention are an inspiration too—an inspiration to do all I can to be helpful. I only wish I might be more helpful than I am: I wish I might supply that much needed housing which oh, so many letters tell me about; I wish I might bring more happiness to shut-ins.

Since I have mentioned shut-ins I desire to record here a name and address for the benefit of shut-ins who desire help with their special hobbies. Keep the name of Mr. Melvin Schoonover, Editor of the Shut-In's Companion, at Monon, Indiana, in a handy spot, and send your ideas to him as well as your problems, for his magazine has a wide circulation and can doubtless be a great deal of help to you.

Since I have brought up the subject of the inspiration which the letters I receive bring to me and because the subject of housing is very pertinent, I want to give you part of a splendid letter, written by a woman who has given thoughtful consideration to what she is writing about, and it is so enheartening to find that the women and men of today are giving serious consideration to our fundamental problems. It bespeaks a future of real progress for this nation. Well, the letter is from Mrs. Dorothy Naughten Serge, of 207 Ludlow Street, Laporte, Indiana, and I know I shall be pardoned for including the first part of it which is very complimentary, but we all like appreciation: "Dear Dr. Bradley:—Last night, as we were listening to you, my little boy asked, 'Mommy, why don't you write to Dr. Bradley?' 'Out of the mouths of babes,' thought I; 'why don't I?' I have often felt the urge to tell you how important I feel *spiritual* and *moral* and *intellectual* guidance and inspiration are—how lacking we are in such leadership, and how well you fill that need. If more pulpits were adequately filled, it is my belief that many of our ills, individual and collective, would be cured. Fitting a memorial for our servicemen to the present time and circumstances has become sort of a personal challenge to me. Perhaps you would be kind enough to give me your evaluation of the ideas that follow: Is any one of them practical and desirable; if so, what should be done about it?" Then under a subject heading "Housing," Mrs. Serge writes this: "I think non-veterans should organize a volunteer campaign to conquer the housing problem for those who prevented the enemy from conquering us. Everybody who can, do

something—give of his skills and time —those who have no appropriate skills, give material goods or money—Unions contribute labor, supply houses give materials at cost; architects the plans, contractors the supervision, etc." Then under "A," Mrs. Serge says: "Housing for War Widows and Orphans. Many widows have to be father, mother, breadwinner and homemaker. Wouldn't their lot be easier if they had a club-type of residence, where children were not only welcome and well-housed, but also well-cared-for by trained personnel while the mother was at work? I visualize a well-planned building, with good play facilities, a community dining room, homey living quarters, that would promote healthy family relationships and pleasant living. This building should be taxfree and the operation costs subsidized—at least partially." Then comes heading "B" in Mrs. Serge's plan: "Housing for Combat Veterans and Families. Apartments or individual homes, volunteer-built as above, and awarded according to heroism."

Now she has a sub-division II, entitled "Promote Better Statesmen," and who would object to that? And Mrs. Serge says: "A government is no better than the sum total of the men who govern. I can think of no better preventive of war than to have the men of highest virtue, talent, ability and wisdom in the high places where they can make the decisions for our country and execute them. That was the way our founding fathers intended our republic should function." And then she has "A." "Scholarships in Graduate Study—awarded to men selected because of aptitude, character, desire and native wisdom in whatever courses and in whatever schools could best fit them to serve their country well—especially as senators and representatives. When the ability of congressmen is mediocre then the nation suffers. Congress governs, so our quality of government is low. 'B.' Gifts and Honors—To men selected because they are doing 'A Good Job.' I think one reason politics does not attract more able men is that public life is so thankless and unpleasant. Office-holders and their families must live in a goldfish bowl, are criticized and villified and don't get as much income nor have the security they might otherwise enjoy in business or in a profession. Perhaps if a committee investigated public officials and awarded recognition for jobs well done and gave the winners constructive publicity, more men would be attracted to a public career and be encouraged to give the best that is in them."

And then our writer adds: "Don't you think doing some of these things would be far better than building memorials in the form of marble?" and then she adds: "I have little of this world's goods to give to show how much I appreciate what the boys did for me—but it would give me no end of pleasure to express concretely and perhaps with others, these deep emotions that I feel. May God bless you. Sincerely, Dorothy Naughten Serge."

I know many people are thinking along these lines. But little action results. Patriotic speeches are not enough—bromidic phrases and platitudes are insufficient. Do you think she is aiming too high? May I suggest, when shooting at the stars, one *must* aim high? And it's very inspiring to find how many are aiming at the stars these days.

P.B.

IT'S THE STRUGGLE THAT'S IMPORTANT

My friend Dr. Stidger told of hearing Dr. Joseph Fort Newton tell a story about a certain amateur naturalist who watched an emperor moth slowly making its laborious way from the chrysalis stage. Day by day it struggled, strove, and squirmed its way, trying to emerge from its cocoon. The opening of that cocoon was so narrow that the amateur naturalist decided to give the emperor moth some help from the outside, so he took his penknife and slightly enlarged the opening, to make it easier for the moth to emerge. It seemed so harsh a struggle to him that he thought it ought to be ended quickly.

Doesn't that remind you of the way some parents seek to shield their children when they are battling through some hard problems? We make it so easy for them, they never know the joy of overcoming; of having definite tasks to do—wood to cut, newspapers to deliver in the early morning hours, or dishes to wash. But in saving them from the hard things of life we later may discover just what the amateur naturalist discovered. Though the moth ended his conflict earlier and arrived in the world, its wings were imperfect; it could only flutter feebly on the ground and could not fly; and before night it would either sicken or die or its natural enemies would have eaten it. It would not be able to battle its own way because it did not go through the difficult struggle which was necessary to develop large strong wings.

Dr. Stidger said he was taken one time by George Gray Barnard to see Barnard's beautiful statue — "The Struggle Between the Two Natures." They went to the Metropolitan Museum of New York City together to view the statue—two glorious white marble male figures, exactly alike; one lying on the earth, the other standing on top of the lower figure with one foot on his thigh and one on his neck. They were like two wrestlers. No man could tell the difference in the figures. Mr. Barnard said that this was what he intended to say: "It is the everlasting struggle that goes on between our lower or physical natures and our higher or spiritual natures." He said, "Some people call it 'the two natures' but I like to think of it as 'The Struggle.'" Dr. Stidger asked, "Which wins?" The artist replied: "I do not tell that. It is not the sculptor's task to say which wins. It is his task to picture the struggle, for only through constant struggle do we grow or do we attain victory. The struggle is the important thing in life."

Robert Browning expressed "The Struggle" beautifully in this verse from his "Rabbi Ben Ezra":

"Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand
but go!
Be our joys three-parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare,
never grudge the throe!"

(Poem taken from the anthology "1000 Quotable Poems" by Thomas Curtis Clark.) P.B.

The Articles on This Page are Reprinted From "Our Faith" published by The Unitarian Christian Committee

PRAYER

Eternal Spirit, high over all, blessed forever, Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns, the round ocean, the living air, the blue sky, and in the mind of man, we worship Thee. In Thee we live and move and have our being, yet we apprehend Thee not. Thou art closer to us than breathing and nearer than hands and feet, and yet we understand Thee not. Thou speakest unto us in all the goodness, beauty and truth we know, and yet we debate Thy being as though birds should argue the air they live in.

O God, be not thus vague to us. Make Thyself real. Unveil our eyes. Make sensitive our hearts that we may feel. Challenge us in conscience. Allure us in ideals. Speak to us through minds that see the orderliness of Thy universe and hearts that love goodness, and grant that this day we may have an answer to our prayers: Lord, we believe, help Thou our unbelief. (H.E.F.)

CHANNING'S FAITH IN GOD

(From his discourse preached at the Annual Election, May 26, 1830, entitled "Spiritual Freedom.")

"Without God our existence has no support, our life no aim, our improvements no permanence, our best labors no sure and enduring results, our spiritual weakness no power to lean upon, and our noblest aspirations and desires no pledge of being realized in a better state. Struggling virtue has no friend; suffering virtue no promise of victory. Take away God, and life becomes mean, and man poorer than the brute. I am accustomed to speak of the greatness of human nature; but it is great only through its parentage; great, because descended from God, because connected with a goodness and power from which it is to be enriched forever; and nothing but the consciousness of this connection can give that hope of elevation through which alone the mind is to rise to true strength and liberty." William Ellery Channing.

(Quoted from Channing's Works, new and complete edition, published by the American Unitarian Association, 1886.)

WHAT IS A UNITARIAN CHRISTIAN?

(From the Writings of William L. Sullivan)

This church has been born out of the Christian idea and ideal. Its worship and its preaching, its inner life and its outward work, bear the deep imprint of the Christian religion and the superscription of the Master who founded it.

So clear is the spiritual majesty of Jesus, so manifestly supreme His influence on human life, so illuminated with incomparable beauty the priceless treasurer of His soul, that, as a congregation, we cleave to Him as the Master of our house, and wish to walk with Him in His glorious dedication to the Highest Will. We believe that no one has the right to set forth conditions of Christ's discipleship beyond those which He required Himself. If anyone had authority to say what is demanded of those who follow Him, surely it was He, and He has told us in unmistakable terms. In words as simple as sunlight He welcomed all who hoped and loved, who shrank not from sacrifice, who did the unobtrusive deed of mercy, and who had in their hearts a faithful and tender, even if sometimes a costly trust, in the Everlasting Father. That was all, and He thought it enough.

This we believe enough to constitute a Christian.

BOOK CHATS

ONE hundred and thirty-eight years ago today Abraham Lincoln was born in a log cabin with a dirt floor and one window, down in Larue County, Kentucky. As the years go by the significance of his life increases rather than diminishes. I am going to speak of a book which I consider one of the most valuable of all the books which have ever been published on Abraham Lincoln. We, who live in Illinois, have an ever increasing interest in the life and personality of our greatest son. The Chicago Historical Society, located at the south end of Lincoln Park at North Avenue and Clark Street, have a Lincoln collection unsurpassed in the nation, which is available to us all. On display there is the table on which Abraham Lincoln drafted and signed the Emancipation Proclamation, the bed on which he died, and many personal belongings of the emancipator. This exhibit has a special significance and is somewhat out of the tradition because it aims to depict principally how Lincoln appeared to his contemporaries, for there is a collection of Lincoln in caricature, including fifty cartoons that were published separately during his life. Many people have never seen these cartoons, and in the light of what is almost an idolatrous attitude toward our Lincoln, few people realize that he was one of the most maligned and hated men of his generation, and many of these cartoons are from the newspapers of the day, showing him in the presidential campaigns of 1860 and 1864. Here the cartoonists poured all the poison and vitriol of which they were capable into their pens. Some of the cartoons are by the famous print makers, Currier and Ives. Some are from the time of the secession, some published when he signed the Emancipation Proclamation and some after his assassination. They are pro-Lincoln and anti-Lincoln and one rare print of 1861 shows Lincoln hanging from a gallows. This collection concerning Lincoln, (which the Chicago Historical Society, under the able direction of one of the finest of all Lincoln students in this country, Mr. Paul M. Angle, who is also the Director of the Society, is exhibiting) is the finest in existence. Among the many objects to be seen are a bronze cast of Lincoln's right hand; the penholder with which he signed the Emancipation Proclamation, the silk hat he wore while en route to be inaugurated, the oil painting of the emancipator by G. P. A. Healy; the coat and stock worn the night of his assassination and the handkerchief found in his pocket after his death. There is also the chair he used as President when he was attending sessions of the Senate, and the velvet waistcoat he wore in Washington. These and many other objects will make Lincoln more real to anyone who sees them.

And now the book which I mentioned is unlike anything we have ever had by way of biography, not only of Lincoln, but of anyone else, for Mr. Paul M. Angle, who edited this volume called "The Lincoln Reader," has chosen from unimpeachable and authentic writers, the life of Lincoln, which takes us straight through from the Kentucky childhood until the epilogue, a beautiful tribute by Lord Charnwood. No one has ever done this before, until the book is an adequate, complete biog-

raphy of Lincoln, taken from the most authenticated sources available, and all chosen by Mr. Angle, who, with Carl Sandburg and Prof. James G. Randall, constitute the best Lincoln authorities in this country. Mr. Angle collaborated with Carl Sandburg in the book "Mary Lincoln, Wife and Widow," and also in the book "Abraham Lincoln From 1854 to '61." The Historical Society is fortunate and it is appropriate as well, that we have this distinguished scholar and Lincoln authority as the Director of our Historical Society. The book has been almost 100 years in the writing.

One hundred and seventy-nine selected passages from authoritative books on Lincoln are in this one book, and Dr. Angle has prefaced each chapter with a comment which binds the book together as one artistic whole. The poet, Carl Sandburg, tells of the birth of a baby boy; the love of Lincoln for the ethereal Ann Rutledge; the memorable address at Gettysburg. The gifted political reporter, Murat Halstead, recreates the Chicago nominating convention of 1860. A member of Lincoln's cabinet, Gideon Wells, entrusts high government secrets to his diary, a custom which apparently has been maintained even up until today in this country, Mrs. Lincoln's cousin, her seamstress, and a girl in her teens, reveal life in the White House.

In all, 65 authors are represented, and from their writings 179 selections have been chosen and arranged in an integrated narrative. All of the great names in Lincoln biography are here: Carl Sandburg, Ida M. Tarbell, Lord Charnwood, Albert J. Beveridge, William H. Herndon, John G. Nicolay, John Hay and others. Then there are men like James G. Randall and Benjamin P. Thomas, who are better known, as Mr. Angle says, to scholars than to the general public. Several appear whose renown has been almost forgotten by everyone, and there are some contemporary news stories as well, while Lincoln himself, who is often quoted in the book, though he never wrote an autobiography, yet some of his own writings are autobiographical.

Here is the whole story, from the time he was kicked by a horse as a boy in Indiana, and years later wrote of the incident in a sketch which was prepared for a presidential campaign, until his tragic death. Here is the boy who became a lawyer and a politician, the man as he practiced on the Eighth Court Circuit of Illinois and fought for political prominence, and led the "Long Nine" through stormy legislative sessions. He impressed these contemporaries as a man among men, and they sat down what they saw. Then the lawyer becomes a national figure, a sad and wise Civil War President, and representatives of government, of the military and of the leading newspapers of the day wrote of his life, both public and private. Then the President who was assassinated and the martyr who had been loved and hated by his people was analyzed over the years by many of the great biographers and scholars. So completely was this book assembled, that I say without reservation, if I could only have one book about Abraham Lincoln, this Lincoln Reader would be my choice. To know this one book is to know Abraham Lincoln, and to know Abraham Lincoln is to know the finest product of democracy the western world has yet produced.

Abraham Lincoln's favorite poem was by Sir Walter Scott, and it is entitled "Love of Country":

"Breathes there a man with soul so
dead
Who never to himself hath said:
'This is my own, my native land'?

Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch centered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

* * *

One of the questions young people in particular are writing and asking me these days, is what course they can pursue to become effective speakers. They seem to think because I do so much speaking I can tell them how it ought to be done. I cannot. There is no magic formula. There are many examples which I could give indicating a renewal of interest in effective public speaking. Such courses are becoming more and more frequent in business and industrial institutions and organizations. Many books have been written about the art—and it is an art—as fine an art as singing—but of all the books that have ever come my way, a new book by Bess Sondel, entitled "Are You Telling Them?" with a subtitle of "How to Converse Well and Make Speeches," and published by Prentice-Hall, Incorporated, is the best book I know on the subject.

Bess Sondel has acquired a brilliant reputation as a teacher of speech at University College of the University of Chicago. In 1944 the University of Chicago Bookstore published her manual for teachers of speech, entitled "Speak Up," and hailed by "The American Teacher" as "rewarding in its many practical suggestions." Mrs. Sondel was graduated from the University of Chicago in 1931, and received her doctorate in 1938. She is married to a Chicago physician, Dr. Herman Martin Sondel.

There is a new approach in this book to the whole matter of speaking effectively, and a statement by Dr. Sondel says it better than it could be stated by anyone else. Here is what she says: "Speech is not something which a speaker 'gives out,' as song under the shower. To speak is to include the active collaboration (or opposition!) of at least one other person. Speech is interaction. Give and take. Nothing which we can memorize, nothing which we can write, can see us safely through the living speech situation. Our approach provides a method by which a speaker can reach his goal in the face of unpredictable hazards. It is a method which makes possible the maximum degree of flexibility and adaptability. The method introduces a kind of logic that is grounded in the living experience which is under discussion. The speaker has a sure route. As for the rest—he can be himself! All of us know that many unschooled people are the most eloquent, the most moving, the most effective speakers. There must be a reason for this. And there is. There is more to speaking than fluency of word. The first chapters (of the book) are addressed to you as a particular individual. They set the stage for you. You live in a changing world. There is nothing static about the speech situation. It is creative. Alive."

I have never read, nor heard from orators, professors of speech, or those who teach classes in public speaking, anything more penetrating and true about speaking than what Dr. Sondel has told us in this book. I like the personal and intimate approach of Dr. Sondel, and this she has brought out with an entirely new technique, and

with a penetrating analysis such as I have never read. Listen to sentences like these: "I do not write for a 'public' nor for any other generality with a thousand heads or more. I write for you. But how can this be? you will ask yourself and me. It is possible insofar as we make it possible. As for me, I have only to think of any one of my classes in speech. These classes meet in the Loop of Chicago, late afternoons and evenings. With each new class I see before me—always—an exciting array of faces. Men and women, old and young. Here, for example, a serious Chinese student—how young or how old I can never be sure—working for his doctorate in International Law. Next to him a fresh young art student, wide-eyed and sure. Here a tired M.D. Here a baggy-kneed dumpy little man who, though responsible for the building of great bridges, is hardly articulate. Here a young South American who wants to learn to speak as a North American. Next to him a social worker. Here a nurse; a musician; a labor leader; a housewife; a stenographer; an economist; a chemist; a clubwoman; an engineer. Lawyers. Salesmen. Bosses. Employes. All races. All creeds. Each one born into an environment of values just as surely as he was born into an environment of weather. Each one driven by his own needs, his own hopes, his own ambitions. *Each one different.* Each one seeking greater strength, greater competence, better to control his own moving world. . . . And so as I write I must think of *you.* A single human being. *An original. One of a kind. No duplicates.* . . . You and I must get together. I am a teacher of speech. But for me words do not have isolated significance. Words are like arrows—directed arrows—which seek a specific target. Who utters the words? And *why?* And why to *me*—or to *you?* What does the speaker want us to *understand?* And *do?* I am interested—very much interested—in the speaker. In his motives. His purposes. His relationship to me, the listener. His words have value for me primarily insofar as I respect and trust him. So when I say that I am a teacher of speech, I mean by that, that I am a teacher of speech as used by human beings as a means of communication, one to another. I can never for a moment forget the human beings involved. For words are sheer noise except in terms of *purpose,* except in terms of human endeavor, except in terms of particular speaker and listeners. And so I address myself to you—personally."

There is a statement I have long been wanting to hear from people who are trying to tell other people how to speak effectively and train them to do so. This is the very gist and heart and soul of all effective speaking. Any book on speaking which has this for its thesis is a book which must not be ignored by any person who wants to go through life articulating adequately. I had the opportunity at a recent Friends of Literature Shakespeare Dinner here in the City of Chicago, of introducing Dr. Bess Sondell on the program. Her own personality projects the vitality of her philosophy. The book is divided into two parts: first, "A New Approach to Speech"; and second, "How to say what you Want to Say."

The attractiveness of the book "Are You Telling Them" is in its universal appeal. It has something to say to every person in every walk of life. My enthusiasm for it is simply unbounded, and there isn't a person listening to me now but could be a more effective personality through knowing and reading this book, not only in the impressiveness of their spoken word, but the effect of this book upon the general tonal quality of their entire life would be certain and encouraging. I give you

one more quote from the book itself:

"Basic to everything else in human relationships is the need, in each one of us, for an inner equilibrium. . . . This is not simple of achievement. We must work for it and at it. . . . So we must come to terms with ourselves. You will find it an exciting experience. . . . The process of self-development and self-knowing is as continuous as life itself."

* * *

How much do we know about Russia and the Russians? I don't mean what we have gleaned from the headlines of newspapers, from biased editorials or prejudiced radio commentators. I mean how much do we actually know about Russia and the Russian people. It is pitiful that the Russian people do not have the same opportunity to know America and the Americans that we have to know Russia, even though it is difficult for us to get at all the facts regarding Russia. But I think we know more about Russia than Russia knows about us.

And now I call your attention to a book written by Richard E. Lauterbach and entitled "Through Russia's Back Door." Richard E. Lauterbach traveled extensively in Russia before and during the war. He has recently returned from a postwar trip through the Soviet Union. He was born in New York, and is a graduate of Dartmouth College. Since 1941 he has been with "Time, Inc." He was the chief of the Times Moscow Bureau, 1943 to 1944, and is at present a Nieman Fellow of Harvard University and on leave of absence from "Life." He represented that magazine on his recent assignment in the far east in Siberia. His name is well known to readers of "Life," of "The Readers Digest," "Esquire," "Coronet" and "Harpers." He wrote one other book before this one, entitled "These Are the Russians," a book which did not receive the recognition which I think it deserved, although John Hersey, the New York Times, and the Saturday Review of Literature spoke most favorably of the book.

"Through Russia's Back Door," is a brilliantly written, highly descriptive story of his journey from Vladivostock, straight across the entire length of the Soviet Union. To most of us Russia is a mystery, but that part of Russia called Siberia is still more of a mystery, and yet that part of Russia is the border between the Soviet Union and the United States. Mr. Lauterbach made the journey to find out all he could about postwar conditions in this great hidden empire of Siberia. He was the first outsider to have an uncensored look at a land that even though it is a much older part of the world historically than ours, yet it is as primitively exciting as the American west of our own pioneer days. As the trans-Siberian train chugged across the once barren wasteland, stopping at wayside stations where primitive settlements are rapidly becoming modern industrial centers, he was able to meet a cross-section of Russians, as well as others. He tells us of the two homeward-bound Majors from Korea, a Jewish girl student, a trade representative from China, a Siberian peasant woman, an aged porter, a one-eyed veteran. Through it all he was able to exercise freedom to go where he chose and also in the use of his camera. The book contains some very interesting pictures which he took, and we get good authoritative glimpses of the people. The sincerity of Mr. Lauterbach's effort, his integrity as a writer and journalist, are above reproach. He is not a propagandist of any sort. There is no propaganda either for or against the Soviet Union in the book. That is its value. It just says "Here is the picture of the trip as I took it," and he leaves the reader there.

P.B.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

I CANNOT close our vacationing period without comment on the tributes paid Dr. Bradley this summer. I know his friends are always interested in any special honor given Dr. Bradley and will like to hear of this I am about to relate.

In northern Minnesota there is a large area called "The Arrowhead"—so named because if one were to draw with a pencil a line on a map from one town or lake to another bordering this particular area, on finishing the boundary you would find you had drawn an Indian arrowhead. Dr. Bradley has talked and written a good deal about this part of Minnesota, of its being ideal vacationing country — its fine highways for touring, its streams and lakes, pine forests and mountainous hills, its clean pure air, the wild life,—deer, moose, bear, ducks, fish, birds,—all its natural beauty and remarkable sunsets; its big-hearted, kind and friendly people. In fact, Doctor never tires of extolling the merits of "his Minnesota country," as he terms it—and I know there is no spot on earth dearer to us than our Island home in Lake Vermilion—which is in the Arrowhead, and where for thirty summers we have enjoyed all the beauty, the rest, the healthful atmosphere, the sense of peace and well-being, and withall the friendship that this north country offers us in generous measure. Yes, thirty years we have lived there, and heartily hope we may still have a goodly number ahead of us.

Members of the Arrowhead Association decided they wanted to give some recognition to this thirtieth year of Dr. Bradley's residence among them, and an expression of appreciation for all he has done for them in countless ways. The Arrowhead Association, with offices in Duluth, comes in touch with thousands of tourists from Canada as well as the United States. And the Secretaries say that many, many of them state that they have heard Dr. Preston Bradley speak so fondly and enthusiastically of the North Woods—"The Superior National Forest"—etc., (which is the Arrowhead) that they want information regarding resorts, lakes, highways, etc. And no small number, after vacationing in one location or another, have purchased property and built summer homes. Naturally the people of that country appreciate this influence of Dr. Bradley's, and they appreciate him as a man, a neighbor, a friend. He speaks in their schools, has preached in the churches, performed marriages, christened children and buried the dead. He has established a library to which he continuously gives hundreds of books, in Tower, which is our post office address in the summer, and where we patronize the stores for our needs.

They have named the library "The Preston Bradley Library," and a large picture of him hangs in the spacious room, lined with bookshelves, where there is a lovely woman (resident of Tower) in charge. Also the Izaak Walton Chapter of that locality is named for him. You probably know

Dr. Bradley was one of the group of fifty-four men who founded the Izaak Walton League of America, was president for several terms, is President Emeritus and member of the National Board of Directors.

Well, I was saying The Arrowhead Association wanted to celebrate this 30th year of Dr. Bradley's residence, and so too did Tower. The Arrowhead Association was to hold a semi-annual meeting the 25th of July, in Hibbing, the iron-ore capital of the mining district, and where the largest iron ore open pit mine in the world is located. They thought this would be a good time to honor Dr. Bradley and so he and I were invited to attend the luncheon meeting at the Androy Hotel. The Mayors of Hibbing, Ely and Virginia were present. Newspaper editors, railroad officials from Duluth, members and officers of the Arrowhead Association and other notables filled the dining room. Several interesting and gracious speeches were made in tribute to Dr. Bradley, and a number of gifts were presented to him from different districts; among them a handsome brass clock in the form of a steering wheel (recognizing his fondness for boats). Dr. Bradley was obviously delighted. Also a very fine fishing rod and reel. And then a specially interesting honor was conferred upon him—a certificate of honor bearing his name, which states that "the title Sir Knight of the Knights of the Iron Table (incorporated) is hereby bequeathed unto Dr. Preston Bradley this 25th day of July, 1947, by King Hematite, Rex of All Metals." I understand this honorarium is seldom if ever given to anyone but those connected with the iron mines, and is held very high by the mining association.

Dr. Bradley was deeply touched by these expressions of their esteem and friendship and amazed at the many commendations of gratitude and appreciation. In replying to all these kind speeches and thanking them for the tributes and the beautiful gifts, he began by saying he never before realized how wise he had been in choosing a spot in the Arrowhead for his summer home, and now he wondered what would happen if he lived there the year around. This was a very happy occasion and very much of a surprise to Dr. Bradley, who did not know it was to be anything special for him.

Now I shall not have space to tell you about the Tower celebration, but shall do so in the next number. Without taking space to comment, I shall give you two nice letters which speak for themselves and are appreciated. From Stinson Beach, California, Amy Gillespie, brilliant LaSalle St. business woman, wrote:—

"Dear Dr. Bradley:—You, too, are perhaps on a vacation—away from the heat of Chicago, which I understand has been terrific these days. As you know, radio programs take on a sort of hit and miss attitude when we are on vacation, and imagine my surprise when I tuned in about 11 o'clock (PST) to have the announcer say:—'Dr. Preston Bradley.'

"To say I enjoyed the hymns and your talk is putting it mildly—and I was wishing the folks out here who might listen to your program would know you as well as I do, and could have sat in your auditorium as I have done so many times during your services and more particularly during your book reviews, which I have attended all through the years since you inaugurated them in 1932.

"I enjoyed your talk this morning, that the barriers of the world today are suspicion and that the soul of the world is sick and recovery will only come when the sick soul's shoulders go back and the chin goes up; that the

world have a new birth of faith.

"I also enjoyed excerpts from the poem, 'Please God hear my prayers today.' If your secretary has a copy of this I would appreciate having it. Thank you.

"I haven't been any too well—in fact my vacation here is on doctor's orders — but you should see Stinson Beach, with its miles of blue Pacific and no one on the beach but myself and a few clam diggers, except over the weekends, and then only a handful of people, since the road to here from San Francisco is very rugged and many people cannot stand the trip without getting 'seasick'—and, only 3 busses a day to S.F. and 3 back.

"Again I want to say I enjoyed your talk and tomorrow I will try that station again and hope to find you there, since a touch of 'home' is always nice when one is away from home. Sincerely, Amy Gillespie."

* * *

This one from South Bend, Indiana, calls forth our best thoughts to cross the miles and somehow be encouraging and helpful!

"Dear Dr. Bradley:—The little note you took time to write Amy Raabe was deeply appreciated—so much so that she asked me (her neighbor) to write and tell you so.

"I am sure you will feel like most of us do—a satisfaction to know that all your kindly efforts are not in vain.

"Miss Raabe is a victim of arthritis and has been a hopeless invalid almost since childhood. She is now 59. About a week ago she fell and fractured her hip so at present she is too miserable to even make any verse, which is her beloved hobby.

"Your broadcasts are always an inspiration to her and if you should be able to sometime use one of her poems I am sure her joy would be boundless.

"Best wishes to you in your work. Very sincerely, Beulah T. Baxter."

* * *

Sorry I haven't space for more letters! I'll do better next time. Be sure to write.

AND — KEEP — ON — THE BEAM!

"BY AN OPEN WINDOW IN CHURCH"

CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON

I hear the music of the murmuring breeze,
It mingles with the preacher's quiet word;
Dim, holy memories are waked and stirred,
I seem to touch once more my mother's knees.
Christ's human love, His spirit mysteries
Envelop me. It is as though I heard
An angel choir in the singing bird
That floats above the fair full-foliaged trees.
The old sweet Faith is singing in my breast
With peace in Nature's summer subtly blent,
All my being breathes a deep content—
Life and its unremitting, baffled quest
Fade into this rich sense of perfect rest—
My soul, renewed, is steeped in sacrament.

(From A Book of Living Poems compiled by Wm. R. Bowlin.)

PEOPLES CHURCH ACTIVITIES

Lawrence at Sheridan

36th Season

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE (Broadcast by WJJD)....11:00 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION, Anderson Hall.... 9:30 a.m.

CHOIR REHEARSAL every Friday (Auditions 7:30) Church Auditorium 8:00 p.m.

WOMAN'S CLUB, Monday, October 13th, American Citizenship Department presents J. E. Foerster, author of "I Took It On The Chin." Guest artist, Miss Betty Lou Koone, 17-year-old pianist. Anderson Hall ..... 1:30 p.m.

Monday, October 27th, the Legislation Department, Mrs. W. A. Winbaugh, chairman, presents Hon. Robert J. Twyman, Congressman from the Ninth District. Guest artist, Lulu Raben, violinist, who is a member of the Women's Symphony Orchestra. Anderson Hall..... 1:30 p.m.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB—Tuesday evening, October 14th, Business meeting, followed by a Czechoslovakian evening. Two groups, sponsored by a Czechoslovakian Club of the city will present native dances. There will also be a talk on the customs of the country. Refreshments will be served. Anderson Hall. Guests always welcome..... 8:00 p.m.

Tuesday, October 28th, Harvest Home Party (Welcome to New Members—Futures predicted). Members and guests requested to wear the flower appropriate to their birth-month. Anderson Hall..... 8:00 p.m.

MEN'S CLUB—Monday, October 27th. Open meeting. Ladies invited. Guest Speaker, Col. Hershfield, who was with Gen. Stillwell in India. He will talk on the present situation in India. A moving picture of India will be shown as well as an exhibit of Indian costumes and souvenirs. Anderson Hall..... 8:00 p.m.

USHERS' CLUB—Frank J. Mason, Sec., 4935 Broadway (40) Edg. 3519.

PRESTON BRADLEY AUXILIARY, MARY BARTELME CLUB, Meets with Professional and Business Woman's Club Oct. 13th and 27th, Anderson Hall..... 8:00 p.m.

PARENT-TEACHER FORUM of the Church School—George Young, Sec., 2426 Berwyn Av. (25).

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—J. Bradley-Griffin, Director. October 4th, Opening Night, "Joan of Lorraine," Eleventh St. Theatre, Curtain..... 8:30 p.m.

Oct. 5th, Opening Drama Tea, Anderson Hall..... 4:00 p.m.

See schedule on page 23. New studio headquarters 1149 N. LaSalle St. Temporary phone Superior 0909.

THE CHANNING CLUB—Rosemary Sparks, Cor. Sec., 852 Lakeside Place (40).

GIRL SCOUT TROOP NO. 187—Betty Boaz, Leader, 7637 N. Greenview Ave. (26), Rog. 5742.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Sunday Morning, direct from Church Auditorium....11:00 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.

WGN—Monday through Friday..... 6:00 p.m.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

Producing Plays Every Saturday Evening in the Eleventh Street Theatre—62 East 11th Street

J. BRADLEY-GRIFFIN, Director

Studios—1149 N. LaSalle St.
Temporary phone Superior 0909

After a very successful summer at Lake Geneva, The Uptown Players will resume their winter schedule at the Eleventh Street Theatre,

Opening Saturday Night, October 4th

with

"JOAN OF LORRAINE"

by Maxwell Anderson

under the direction of J. Bradley-Griffin, and playing every Saturday through October

"Joan of Lorraine"

Saturday, October 4th
Saturday, October 11th
Saturday, October 18th
Saturday, October 25th

Sunday afternoon, October 5th, in Anderson Hall

OCTOBER DRAMA TEA

The Uptown Players Will Present

their Director

J. BRADLEY-GRIFFIN

in a recital version of the New York Comedy hit

"JOHN LOVES MARY"

by Norman Krasna

Guest artist will be REYNOLD LEIVA, concert violinist, who will be accompanied by JOE ANDERSON

Eleventh St. Theatre, Curtain 8:30 p.m., Tickets $1.20 including federal tax

Anderson Hall, Curtain 4:00 p.m., Guest fee 60c including federal tax

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WE can think of no finer gift for a friend, a relative or a neighbor, than one which will remind them of your love every month in the year.

Our Liberalist is such a gift. We are trying to make this a most vital and inspiring church magazine. Every number contains a sermon by Dr. Bradley and special articles of interest and inspiration. All of the activities of the Church are emphasized. Every month there is an interesting department which Dr. Bradley writes, called "Book Chats." There are also editorials, stories and articles, Book Reviews, and one of the most interesting features is the Radio Mail Bag in which Mrs. Bradley every month gleans from the heavy radio mail inspiring comments to pass on to readers.

If you desire to send this magazine to a friend and will send $1.50 to Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Subscription Manager, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, we will send a Card announcing your gift. The magazine is now in its twenty-first year of publication, and goes all over the United States and to many foreign lands. Why not send your $1.50 today? It will come regularly every month. No one connected with the publication receives any compensation and all funds above the cost of production go directly to the Treasury of the Peoples Church to help our financial problem. Please subscribe.

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